What think Ye of Christ

PATRIOTIC LINES AND
COLLEGE BOYS FOR PROHIBITION
THRICE WELCOME TO KANSAS
ETC. ETC. ETC.

BY EX-JUDGE J. L. ELDRIDGE

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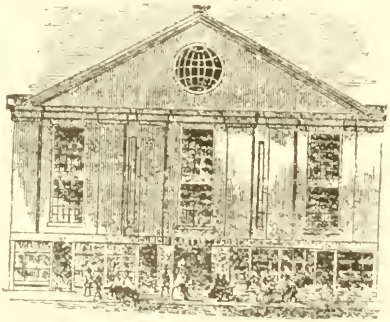

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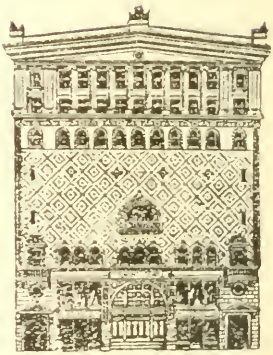

United to form Tremont Temple.

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and

College Boys for Prohibition

THRICE WELCOME TO KANSAS

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BY

EX-JUDGE J. L. ELDRIDGE

OF TOPEKA, KANSAS

Author of "Ezekiel Jones, or The Trials and Triumphs of a Christian Trader."

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PREFACE.

I DEDICATE this volume of verse to the memory of my esteemed friend, the late Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., author of "America" our world-renowned national hymn," "My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing," whose friendship I enjoyed not far from forty years, who encouraged me in my efforts at verse writing, especially on the reforms of the day.

I am well aware that these writings of mine are not Miltonian or Shakespearian, and may not have the plaintive sweetness found in some of the works of renowned authors. Yet I believe they exhibit mental vigor, sprightliness of style, smooth rhythmical cadence, that will please a generous reading public.

I am thankful they do not come in collision with the Decalogue, or the Sermon on the Mount, and are calculated to encourage in well doing those who are with "youthful vigor warm," and remove dull care, and care-worn wrinkles, and to have it said of us,

"To relieve the wretched was his pride.
"And to cheer all travelers on life's rugged road.

We now launch our venture upon the great sea of literary productions, hoping that it will make a prosperous voyage, fill with good cheer those who buy and read, and gladden the heart of publisher and author by returning to them ducats and shekels for labor performed and expenses incurred.

J. L. E.,
Author.

Supreme Court Rooms,
Topeka Kansas.

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WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

MATTHEW XXII. 42.

WHAT think ye of Christ? how vast the theme;
Beyond the scope of seraph's dream;
Inspire our hearts and let us raise
To Thee, our God, a hymn of praise.

What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?
The All-wise God to whom we flee
In danger's darkest hour—our friend—
"On whom our hopes of heaven depend."

What think ye of Christ? what boundless love,
To leave his throne, the courts above,
For wild Judea—Bethlehem's plain,
"Good will to man," the glad refrain.

What think ye of Christ? God's only son,
Who died to save a race undone;
Who suffered on the cruel tree—
Poured out his soul for you and me.

What think ye of Christ? who raised the dead:
Who made the world whereon we tread;
Sun, moon and stars, the deep blue sea.
He heard the cry: "Remember me!"

What think ye of Christ? whose pardoning power
Is seen and felt each passing hour.
Will peace impart, no fear nor dread,
The poor are clothed, the hungry fed.

What think ye of Christ? His gospel plan
Will change the heart of sinful man.
Strong drink destroy; the Church was made
To banish wrong of every shade.

What think ye of Christ? my sinner friend;
Pardon and peace we here extend.
Oh, come and taste. His word is sweet:
His blood is drink, his flesh is meat.

What think ye of Christ? who paid the cost.
That priceless souls may ne'er be lost.
Accept his terms of offered peace.
And take the joys that never cease.

Our thoughts on Christ: Ah final test,
For dark despair or heavenly rest;
Released from sin, in glory rise
To dwell with God in Paradise.

LINES ON THE FIRST PSALM.

BLEST is the man, divinely blest,
Who shuns the sinner's way ;
Who heeds Jehovah's loving voice
And never goes astray

He does not walk with sinful men,
Nor take the scorner's seat ;
He trusts a triune, loving God,
And never knows defeat.

The law of God he prizes much,
Its teachings his delight ;
He meditates throughout the day,
And watches of the night.

He loves to aid those in distress,
To see their wants supplied,
And no substantial good by him
Will ever be denied.

As grows the tree on river's bank,
Its roots with moisture fed,
Whose fruit adorns each spreading bough
With foliage overhead ;

So thrives the man who loves his God;
He prospers day by day.
He will receive a rich reward
To never pass away.

Not so ungodly men who spurn
The truth divinely given;
They pass away like worthless chaff
And never enter heaven.

They shall not in the judgment stand,
Victims of every lust;
They'll never reach the pearly gates
Nor dwellings of the just.

The Lord he knows the hearts of all
The saints receive his care,
While all the guilty sons of earth
Will perish in despair.

WHY SHOULD I WAIT ?

WHY should I wait while at the gate?
I must, I will go in,
And get relief for inward grief,
A pardon for my sin.

The Saviour stands with loving hands,
Invites me to His side;
O how sweet my Lord to greet,
And in His love abide.

No more I'll rove from Him I love,
I'll closer to him cling;
My dear Triune, loving Lord,
My Great eternal King.

HYMN.

O LORD, our Sabbath School once more,
Bows humbly at Thy feet,
Thy loving kindness to adore,
Thy mercy to entreat.

Grant us the love Thy grace imparts,
While we, adoring, raise
To Thee the tribute of our hearts,
In songs of grateful praise.

We thank Thee for the cheering sight
Our School presents to-day ;
Its large increase, as gathering years
Have sped their onward way.

While many scattered o'er the land,
Have hallow'd influence shed ;
Some, dearest Lord, at Thy command,
Now slumber with the dead.

O Lord, give now an earnest zeal,
To us who still remain,
To teach Thy righteous law and grace,
The Saviour's love proclaim.

THE MESSIAH'S REIGN.

Lines on the triumphs of the Gospel, as predicted by the Prophet Isaiah: "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace." Read at church service, First Baptist church, Topeka, Kas.

O, GLORIOUS day, now close at hand,
When love and truth shall, like a wand,
Freely wave o'er land and sea,
And crûel war shall cease to be.

Nations in peace will wrongs adjust;
The Messiah reigns, "in God we trust;"
Dread Jewish hate and Gentile wrong,
To other days will then belong.

Hail, prophetic day! It now draws near.
No need of sword nor glittering spear.
To plowshares made, they'll turn the glebe.
For nations then will cease to bleed.

No barren wastes will then remain,
But waving fields of precious grain;

No drunken poor will then be found,
The ocean sail or till the ground.

The Spirit's power has cleansed within,
The last remains of reigning sin;
The sons of want will find relief,
A sovereign balm for inward grief.

Science and skill in varied ways
Will eclipse the deeds of other days.
O Lord, what wonders shall we see,
When hearts in love are praising Thee.

With gratitude we'll joys express—
The Saviour comes to mortals bless.
We'll obey His Word, His love adore;
His reign extends from shore to shore.

INSTALLATION HYMN.

O LORD our King, we welcome, here,
A servant of our God.
O may we more Thy name revere,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

Welcome, to this inviting field—
How lovely is the place;
May labor here, a harvest yield,
Trophies of saving grace.

Come, gentle Saviour, and display
The riches of Thy grace;
Come Spirit, with Thy loving power,
And fill this sacred place.

Then will rebellious hearts be slain,
By Thine all-melting love;
Then will Thy saints more grace attain,
For sweeter joys above.

Pastor and flock now gently guide,
By Thy paternal care,
Till Heaven's gates shall open wide,
To give a welcome there.

FAREWELL.

'Twas Thursday night, and after nine
And one by one retires,
Kind friends drew me to their side,
And told me their desires ;

Which were, that I must surely write
Some parting words in verse,
And on the evening of this day,
The studied lines rehearse.

Said I to them, " Dear Christian friends,
My gifts, alas ! are few,
To write, and read, as you desire,
Would split my head in two."

But they prevailed, and home I went,
And set me down to write ;
Then closed these mortal eyes, and thought
Of our good Deacon White ;

His native land, his church, his work,
All pass'd in quick review,

And now he leaves his loved abode,
And bids us all adieu.

How can we part with these dear friends.
Deacon and Mrs. White?
May Providence just interpose
And stop their onward flight.

O cruel fate to leave us thus,
To chill our heavenly joys,
But they are bound for Pacific coast
To see their darling boys.

We love the church, where disciples meet,
We are bound by endearing ties,
Here we'll work to save the soul,
And gather up supplies.

(Here we'll sing Rev. John Fawcett's hymn.)

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

"When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again."

The church, it loves the souls of those
For whom the Saviour died ;
And longs to see the young and old,
With heavenly grace supplied.

My thoughts ran o'er the Sunday school ;
'Twas mirrored in my mind
How useful they might be, who seek
And ready pardon find.

As powers of mind cannot be gauged,
Nor limit to their bound,
Who knows, but here in after years
A Cowper may be found ;

Or some great mind to bless the world
With large inventive skill ;
Or with modest merit rule
Some great station fill ;

Charmed Gospel truth proclaim,
Sway the public mind,
Clasp continents in loving peace
And lasting friendships bind ?

Friends, how pleasant to urge religion,
With its unnumbered joys ?
It's a grace to the girls,
And a charm to the boys

It gives sweetness to old age,
With its fast fleeting years;
It has no room for sorrow,
Nor heart-rending tears.

It sharpens the intellect
To a razor-like edge,
And divides truth from error,
Like a log-splitting wedge.

Dear friends, we've but little time
To say kind words of cheer,
Nor prohibition to discuss;
A law we much revere.

But we must pause for a giff,
And unite with Deacon Shaw;
Who had the church say "Praise the Lord,
For our prohibitory law."

Kind friends, my task's imperfect done,
But we'll with one accord unite,
And say, "God bless the boys, the mother,
And our good Deacon White."

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A RIGHT cordial welcome,
To each friend and neighbor;
Who love to enjoy
The fruit of skilled labor,

We welcome, thrice welcome,
To this spacious room ;
Now enjoy the brief hour,
'Twill drive away gloom.

Friends, again we extend
A kind Christian greeting;
'Twill gladden our hearts
Like an old family meeting.

To urge pure religion,
With its unnumbered joys ;
'Tis a grace to the girls,
A charm to the boys.

Gives sweetness to age,
With its on-coming years ;

With no room for sorrow,
  Nor any for tears.

Gives wealth and gladness,
  Where'er we may rove,
In the shadows of earth,
  Or glories above.

Now bid dull care be gone,
  And accompany me
To lands far away,
  Beyond the blue sea.

  To where,
"Calm on the list'ning ear of night
  Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
  Her silver-mantled plains."

Then all hail! auspicious morn
  Messiah comes—a Saviour's born
To erase envy, hate and pride,
  And every hurtful lust beside.

ALICE.

A LOVED one to my dwelling came,
One pleasant morn in June,
It made my inmost soul rejoice,
And set my heart in tune.

The little one in sweetness grew,
As days and months sped on;
The memory of its playful ways,
Will ne'er from me be gone.

Its artless prattle, childish glee,
Were pleasures to my mind;
Gave solace to my weary hours
And left no pain behind.

The heavenly gift, I fondly hoped,
Would long with me remain;
And with endearing filial love
Would Christian graces gain.

But ere three years had fled: alas!
'Twas on one dismal day,

A fatal breeze came floating by
And bore my love away.

To dwell with him the loving King,
Who dries the mourner's tears;
Allays earth's corroding care,
And quiets all our fears.
Adieu, my love, my Alice dear!
We shall soon together dwell,
Though lost to sight, to memory dear,
Farewell, a brief farewell!

RETURN OF DEACON C. A. ROUNDY, OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION AT FORT SUMTER TO BOSTON.

O LORD, tis sweet to welcome home,
Thy servant from abroad;
Our hearts with thanks ascend thy throne,
To our Redeemer GOD.

Thy providential care, his steps
Have kindly, gently led
'Mid war's stern and rude alarms,
The dying and the dead.

Near Sumter's old and battered walls,
Thou dids't his mission place;
That soldiers brave might there enjoy
The riches of thy grace.

We welcome him to toil for those
For whom the Saviour died;
That all might taste his pardoning love,
And be with grace supplied.

When beats no more each throbbing heart,
And dust returns to dust,
May we, on resurrection morn,
Be numbered with the just.

O bless our school and teacher dear,
And may we faithful prove ;
That all may dwell with thee at last,
In endless bliss above.

SUPPLIES.

WHO well supplies each fond desire,
With needed food and good attire;
With ample coal, for winter's fire,
To warm your frame and cheer the soul,
And keep your nerves in good control?
The Almighty Maker of us all.

PATRIOTIC LINES.

HURRAH for our nation,
A hundred years old ;
Abounding in wealth
By millions untold.

From factories in the east,
To prairies out west ;
A land the Almighty
Has wonderfully blest.

Where corn is abundant,
No lack of fine wheat;
With mountains of ore,
And plenty to eat.

She excels the old world
A hundred times over ;
Our luxuries make us
Like cattle in clover.

In inventions she leaves
All nations behind ;

The triumphs of thought,
The fruit of the mind.

Nature's subtle forces
Just hid in the skies,
Caught by our Edison
To furnish supplies.

Speed the cars and messages
With lightning-like power;
Do the work of a month
In less than an hour.

No hardship of labor,—
'Twill soon be no more;
No war, nor strong drink,
That good men deplore.

We'll shout for America,
The land of our birth;
The home of the brave,—
The richest on earth,

And keep our flag flying,
Our banner unfurled,
And clasp the arm that
Encircles the world.

THE CAMP-FIRE.

Sung at the camp-fire of the G. A. R. in Topeka, February 6, 1884.

"Auld Lang Syne."

SHOULD days of service be forgot;
And hardships brought to mind?
We'll take a view of army scenes,
And pleasures from it find.

—Chorus, We'll take a view, etc.

Shall we forget those fearful days,
When, by sore hunger press'd,
No news from home to cheer our hearts,
Nor quiet place of rest?

—Chorus.

Shall we forget the weary march,
The struggle and the strife?
Shall we forget the aching pains,
The dreadful loss of life?

—Chorus.

Shall we forget the comrades dear,
The boys who fought and bled?
Shall we forget the heroes brave,
Who slumber with the dead?

—*Chorus.*

We'll not forget the cruel war,
Nor what the boys endured;
The blessings on our land conferred,
The freedom it secured.

—*Chorus.*

MEMORIAL HYMN.

Oh! Lightly tread near martyr'd dead,
Who slumber here.
Each sacred mound is hallowed ground,
Their deeds revere.

In dangers great they saved the state,
A nation dear.
'Mid bitter foes unnumbered woes,
Each name revere.

No more shall float the bugle's note,
That calls to arms;
No dress-parade, nor war-like raid,
Nor dread alarms.

Returning spring will verdure bring;
To deck the sod.
Let thanks arise to pierce the skies,
Praises to our God.

COLLEGE BOYS FOR PROHIBITION.

OLD parties now on either side
Are going to decay ;
They've lost their grip on honest men,
And dread the coming day.

Reform in party creeds, they all
With one accord refuse;
No effort make to wrongs adjust,
And honest men abuse.

Now hoarse with shouts for silver free,
For tariffs high and low ;
No more remove the liquor curse,
Our greatest source of woe.

To gain your vote they promise much,
And little will perform ;
Deceive the people every time,
And that brings on a storm.

Great moral wrecks and panic shocks,
Now o'er the country spread;

A land of untold riches cursed
By drunken paupers' tread.

Prohibition is growing fast,
Is sure to bring surprise;
It gets recruits from every source
And gathers up supplies.

The college boys are in the fight,
And one and all propose,
To kill the poison viper drink
By Prohibition blows.

Now fired with zeal, they'll stump the state,
And set all hearts ablaze;
Just do a work for God and man
That well deserves our praise.

Shall legislative halls be cursed
With villains high and low?
Make laws to ruin Church and State,
Where crimes in torrents flow?

Shall men become distressing poor
By drink's most dread control;
Shall perjured lips make laws that wreck
The never-dying soul?

No, no, ten thousand times we'll shout,
On God we'll all rely;

And kill the fiendish liquor wretch,
Or in the effort die.

Strong drink no more, the starving poor
Will have their wants supplied;
And billions for the public good
Will never be denied.

PROHIBITION.

A CALL TO DUTY.

Read before the Members of the First Baptist Church at a Church Covenant meeting, Topeka, Kansas, Aug. 29, 1895, by ex-judge J. L. Eldridge.

OUR lips with courage shall declare
What heaven will have us do:
'Tis crush the demon liquor trade,
The monster voice subdue.

No mortal can its guilt describe,
Nor all its wrongs rehearse,
Nor write it down in honest prose,
Nor truth-revealing verse.

It wrecks its ships on every sea,
And ruins many a farm.
This deadly serpent's near the home,
And always doing harm.

It stings and bites our youthful friends,
And those not young in years;

Gives keenest grief to those at home,
And fills their eyes with tears.

It crowds our jails with guilty men,
And robs the home of peace.
The poor it dooms to great distress,
And offers no release.

It burns the stomach to a crisp,
And sets the brain on fire.
It ruins men of every age,
And wakes a fell desire.

To disobey our father's God,—
His boundless love ignore ;
Ill-treats the Saviour of mankind,
Whom good men all adore.

How vast and vile the liquor curse,—
The great satanic plan,
To wreck and rob the human race,
And kill immortal man !

Our father's God, we plead with thee,
Dear Lord, grant us Thine aid ;
Give Prohibition to our land,
Exterminate the trade.

Let church exclude its license men,
Be license high or low ;

No more condone these sinful acts,
This frightful source of woe.

'Good men and parties all unite,
Their duties well perform;
And slay the Moloch of the age,
And speed the grand reform.

In prison cells let liquor men
Take their deserving place;
No more to rob their fellow-men,
Nor scourge the human race.

"No billion dollar bill for drink,"
Will be the people's creed;
No fiendish liquor license laws;
To make the nation bleed.

All treasures spent for burning drink
In proper channels flow;
No lack of food for all mankind,
Nor bitter source of woe.

Then arid lands will be reclaimed,
And deserts far and wide,
Perennial verdure spread abroad,
And every want supplied.

Then drunken poor will be unknown,
What wonders shall we see,

To till the soil in ways improved,
And navigate the sea.

All hail the fast approaching time,
What glories we'll behold;
Such blessings on the sons of men
As never can be told.

LINES

Suggested by reading an account of a drunken father killing his five-year-old son by dashing his head against a brick wall, at Toledo, Ohio, July 20, 1893.

RISE, earnest men, and kill the trade
That ruins young and old;
Remove strong drink the cause of wrongs
That never can be told.

Repeal all liquor license laws,
The cause of dreaded woe;
Put Prohibition in its place
And crime will cease to flow.

Rush laws through on the double quick,
Have jails securely built;
Distillers, brewers here remain,
To ponder o'er their guilt.

Saloons must go, they rob the State,
A crime it must not share—
No sale of drink to craze the brain,
That drive men to despair.

No more shall father murder son,
Nor bring distressing grief ;
Good laws will stop such tragic acts,
And bring a sweet relief.

Prohibition is from our God,
Its virtues we proclaim,
It has a power to banish wrong
And put its foes to shame.

It brings relief to suffering poor,
With blessings in its train,
We ask the nation for this law,
And shall we ask in vain?

Ten righteous men will save each State,
Inspire the friends with zeal ;
Increase the faith that works by love,
And makes the nation feel

That wrongs like rum must be no more,
Destroy the trade, that's our creed ;
To kill the guilty liquor wretch,
The Church must take the lead.

All liquor men must leave the Church,
Or quick their sins confess ;
Must sorrows feel and pardon crave
Or suffer in distress.

The cause of Christ will then advance,
In love, and works increase;
Heaven will give unnumbered joys,
Thrice happy days of peace.

No perjured men in halls of State,
None will their oath ignore;
Then honest men good laws will make,
Prosperous times restore.

No lack of food for all mankind,
Nor want of good attire;
A shelter from the stormy blast,
And coal for winter's fire.

Strong drink no more, on fatted calf
We'll feast, with joyful noise,
A harmless time for all the girls
And pleasant for the boys.

THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

To your post, ye temperance host,
The foes are now uniting,
They hope to gain, in this campaign,
By most desp'rate fighting.

For fancied right to curse and blight,
This fair domain abroad,
And rudely cast a with'ring blast,
On this heritage of God.

To arms! to arms! sound the alarm!
From every hill and valley,
On one broad line, let all combine,
And for prohibition rally.

For King Alcohol, the foe to all,
Is marshaling his forces.
He's armed replete with fraud, deceit,
And other base resources.

This vile king, has the adder's sting,
The serpent's deadly bite.

They suffer most who serve him best,
And quench the Spirit's light.

His forked tongue has myriads stung,
O may he never tickle more.
Alas, alas! that the social glass
Should afflict our race so sore.

His wicked reign counts millions slain,
By deaths the most appalling;
And Mercy stands with imploring hands
And now for help is calling.

The father, wild, he throws his child
From attic's lofty ceiling;
Takes the life from a loving wife
And is lost to sense of feeling.

Then raise the alarm; "Do thyself no harm."
Touch not the accursed thing;
Or else be slain in the cruel reign
Of this Alcoholic King.

Who can rehearse in storied verse
What alcohol is doing?
Its war on health and treasured wealth,
Its robbery and ruin.

Should a foreign foe produce such woe,
We'd hurl him from the land.

We'd soon expel this imp of hell ;
We'd no such folly stand.

We'll work and vote and thus promote
The cause to us so dear ;
Enforce the law, 'twill blessings draw—
Make smiling thrift appear.

On with the fight, ye men of might,
With courage brave and strong ;
As God is just, succeed we must
In fighting this great wrong.

A KANSAS HYMN.

"WHEN WE SIT DOWN TO DINE."

SHALL we forget, my brethren dear,
We've banished all the wine?
We'll take a cup of Mocha rare,
When we sit down to dine.

Shall we forget the bitter strife?
We still abhor the wine;
Young Hyson tea is our delight,
When we sit down to dine.

We'll not forget on Kansas soil,
We sought his aid Divine;
We've no strong drink to curse the State,
As we sit down to dine.

No drunken poor, nor wealthy sots,
None in sad want repine;
Each table's spread with ample fare,
As all sit down to dine.

We'll not forget our sister states,
May Heaven all hearts incline.

Elect good men to make our laws,
Ere we sit down to dine.

We'll not forget our father's God,
Implore his aid Divine,
To overthrow the demon drink,
As men sit down to dine.

Let pulpit, press, pray, preach and vote,
With one accord combine !
Remove the dreadful liquor curse,
Ere we sit down to dine.

Hail ! Prohibitions' onward march,
The fast approaching time,
When drunkards' drink will cease to be,
As men sit down to dine.

Temperance Report adopted by the First Baptist Church, Topeka, Kansas, also poem "Saloons Must Go."

Count that man an enemy to good morals, good religion and good government who desires, or consents to legalize a traffic that manufactures drunkards.

Let the members of legislative bodies remember that their oath of office forbids them from enacting laws that ruin the rich, or destroy the poor. Laws must promote domestic tranquillity and the general welfare, not ill fare, but welfare. Laws must promote sobriety and not drunkenness, wealth and not poverty, happiness and not despair. Liquor license laws are in clear violation of oath recorded obligations.

PLAIN TALK AND KIND ADVICE.

To Enemies of Prohibition with Encouraging Words to its Friends.

Who has joined the whisky plan
To blaspheme God and ruin man,
Unsurpassed since time began
Its annual round?

Demoralized church and clergy who do nothing for Prohibition and imitate the Priest and Levite who gave no aid to the half dead traveler who had fallen among thieves while on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho.

Who has power to slay the foe
And stop the cause of grief and woe,
Where vice and crime in torrents flow,
The Christian Church?

Whose Great Head has "All power in heaven and earth. Whose twenty million Church members can destroy the traffic root and branch when they follow the instruction of the Bible.

Who fire the brain with hated zeal,
Cause men to murder, rob and steal

And no remorse of conscience feel ?
Those engaged in

The liquor business, their proper place is in the cell of a prison, their doom " where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Whose guilt, alas ! is very great,
Who injure Church and ruin State,
Bring on themselves a dreaded fate,
To last for evermore ?

Political desperadoes—members of legislative bodies who commit perjury of an aggravated nature when they vote to legalize the liquor saloon traffic, a traffic that is in clear violation of the organic law of this Christian nation—they have no moral or constitutional right to legalize a traffic that manufactures drunkards, paupers and criminals.

Almighty God, these men convert,
And in their hearts thy love insert,
No more thy righteous law pervert,
But do works meet

For repentance, by a " cease to do evil " and " a learn to do well," by the enactment and enforcement of Prohibition, the only legal method that can suppress the liquor traffic, and a condemnation of license as the " crime of crimes " and worse for a State than the presence of a highway robber or midnight incendiary.

Who'll find from care a sweet release,
No bitter strife, but love and peace ;

Where future joys will never cease
In happy days to come?

The God-loving Prohibitionist who has faith in God that the time is drawing near when there will not be a legalized liquor saloon in all North America—the nation's billion-drink bill will be no more, and prosperity will be enjoyed hitherto unknown.

WILLIAM GEER.

A story in verse, on the wicked folly and sad results of ale and beer drinking, also the cheering effect sure to follow the enactment and enforcement of prohibition.

On Auburn Row, some years ago,
There lived young William Geer,
Who seemed to think, no harm to drink,
His ale and lager beer.

Now William's thirst was slight at first,
But rapidly it grew,
Until desire, seemed like a fire
To burn him through and through.

This dreadful thirst, it almost burst
Each artery and vein,
It cried "Give, give, how can I live
So heated is my brain?"

Drink gave relief, but oh! how brief;
'Twas fuel to the fire;
Passion raged, like tigers caged,
And with a fiend desire.

For angry strife, with loss of life,
Now in a drunken fight,
Poor William shot his neighbor's son,
His friend, young Reuben Wright.

Then filled with dread, poor William fled,
Was caught—by jury tried,
To murder check, around his neck
A rope, alas! was tied.

"On scaffold high, about to die,
Be warned of my career,
For mercy's sake, oh, never take
Wine, ale, or lager beer.

"Drink caused the strife, that ends my life.
Oh God, I plead with thee,
Have mercy on my guilty soul,
Dear Lord, 'Remember me.'"

The awful blow, so fraught with woe
To all the Wrights and Geers,
Found slight relief, for inward grief,
In agonizing tears.

Now men and boys, increase your joys;
Spurn, oh, spurn ale and beer,
Or you'll be stung, perhaps be hung,
Like poor young William Geer.

Now Church and State, will seal the fate
Of this dread liquor foe,
No license laws, prolific cause,
Of never-ending woe.

Then peace will reign o'er hill and plain,
With every want supplied ;
Heaven will give unnumbered joys
To never be denied.

Each year in America, not far from a hundred thousand persons are hurried to a dismal eternity by the use of alcoholic liquors. About three thousand of these meet a tragic fate. "Domestic tranquillity" and the "General welfare" demand that this drunkard-making, poverty-creating and crime-producing business be destroyed, root and branch. The twenty million church members must lead in the work of annihilation, then will the widow's heart sing for joy, and those ready to perish will join in the glad refrain of "Peace on earth and good will to men."

PLAIN TALK.

Some plain talk and good advice, in prose and verse, to the champion liquor license-law advocate and his few comrades in the house and senate of the Kansas Legislature together with congratulations over the grand success of prohibition.

BY FIDELLAS.

WHO has joined the whisky plot
To make my friend a drunken sot?
His money take, his stomach rot
With alcoholic drinks?

The liquor saloon advocate whose idea of Liberty is a license to do wrong.

Who tries with false and wordy blows
To kill the law that grog shops close—
Fount and source of countless woes?

The "Champion" who wants to license a trade that produces drunkenness, pauperism and crime.

Who wants to license men to sell
A drink that makes on earth a hell,

Where victims swear, fight and yell,
And other kindred acts?

The Demosthenes of the House.

Who spends his breath in vain,
Brings on his soul a guilty stain
That will for long years remain,
And bring remorse, oh dread *remorse?*

This orator who takes an oath to support the Constitution and the laws, and then in wild harangues denounces them, and encourages a lawless set to disobey, thereby receiving to himself the just censure of all honest men.

Who are stupid, vile and mean,
Beyond the power of soap and steam
To make them white and clean?

These heartless men who clamor for "high license," well knowing that if by any possibility it could be granted, it would oblige dealers to sell large quantities to young and old, causing great poverty and distress, duplicating sad cases like Elias Pontius, whose thirst for drink caused his family to suffer and his wife to die from actual want; and the saloon-keepers who produced this result have been mulcted by the court in damages to the amount of $2,100.

Who will go to that dreaded place,
Beyond the reach of sovereign grace,
Unless they quick their steps retrace?

These men who have office on the brain, and violate their oath by trying to make laws to encourage vice and crime by license, when they should work for prohibition and com-

mercial prosperity, and assist in framing laws to encourage temperance, thrift, education, benevolence and all the kindred virtues.

Who should go down on their marrow bones
And plead in strong, beseeching tones
For pardon, for wrecking homes
To many a household dear?

These political shysters who turn a deaf ear to the cries of distress, the claims of humanity and the appeals of justice.

Not a mad ambition then will go astray,
Nor wish their oath to disobey,
Nor try to win their wicked way
To Legislative Halls.

Hail! Prohibition, grand success!
It's come to stay, it's come to bless
And save our land from dire distress,
In this, and generations yet unborn.

ALL HAIL PROHIBITION !

THE ONLY LEGAL METHOD THAT CAN SUPPRESS THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

Its enactment into law by legislative bodies and enforcement by executives will close distilleries, breweries, liquor saloons, gladden the heart of millions ; bring on a state of prosperity to our beloved country hitherto unknown. In Kansas it is a grand success.

THEN !

HURRAH ! for our cause in
Each town and city,
We war on a trade that's
Unknown to pity.

Victims of drink, alas !
The wounds are sadder
Than bite of a snake or
Sting of an adder.

Oh ! its work on the heart
And sensitive brain ;
Brings lasting reproach
That's sure to remain.

It rots out the stomach, makes
Holes in the pocket,
Men fall with a crash—blaze
Up like a rocket.

Then hurrah for the boys who
Have taken the pledge,
You are surrounded by
An excellent hedge

That keeps off the headache, and
Those terrible ills,
That cannot be cured with
Sugar-coated pills.

Then farewell to strong drink,
It's sure to do harm,
Boy's save up your money,
And buy you a farm.

With good books, prime buildings,
Every laudable wish,
From sugar-cured hams
To extra nice fish.

With rich soil, big crops
And Herfordshire cattle ;
How pleasant is home,
How easy life's battle.

In God we'll trust and work
For Prohibition,
'Twill add to our wealth,
Improve our condition.

And cause America,
The land of our birth,
A thousand times better
Than richest of earth.

Should a fiat from our God,
With one sweeping blow
Erase the dread thirst,
The trade overthrow,

What gifted imagination
Could picture the scene,
From Atlantic to Pacific
With cities in between.

Wealth, worse than lost in
Trade of double-dyed guilt,
Would great cities erect,
Have commerce rebuilt.

In grandeur and splendor
Ne'er seen before,
Since Marco Polo arrived
On a Florentine shore.

Mountains east and west ;
Their vast hidden ore
Would yield to industry,
Add to our store.

Labor and pleasure, mingled
With plenty to do,
Our wealth would outrival
The land of Peru.

More and more railroads
The Continent span,
And enterprises vast
On a magnificent plan.

'Twould eclipse an Arabian tale
Or poetic dream ;
To see electricity applied,
New uses of steam.

Temperance, the hand-maid
Of religion, jointly combined
Would raise fallen man,
Develop the mind.

Unclouded intellects would
Improvements devise;
Edison out-wit,
Our country surprise.

Then we'll shout for our cause
While time floats along.
O! join in the labor
Unite in the song.

Christian Church activity is bound to drive the legalized liquor traffic for beverage use out of existence. The latent power lodged in more than twenty million church members in America will be developed and insure the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory liquor law legislation. The first decade of the new opening century will produce wonders.

"THE SALOONS MUST GO.'

THE drunkards drink, the die was cast
As through the land, there bravely passed,
Good Christian men, 'mid mud and ice,
With banners bearing this device,
Saloons must go.

They saw the wrecks, rum's awful guilt,
The ruined homes, no more rebuilt,
They saw the young, the old, the fair,
In great distress, in wild despair.
Saloons must go.

Behold the trade that ruins men,
The beer saloon—the robber's den,
Good men declare with flashing eye,
This murder trade is doomed to die.
Saloons must go.

With courage strong, each friend elate,
With conscience clear, good fighting weight,
Thrice armed,—the quarrel just.
Success is sure,—in God we trust.
Saloons must go.

The time is short—it's drawing near.
We've naught to dread, we've naught to fear,
The uttered oft repeated prayer
Is heard and felt, 'mid startled air,
Saloons must go.

Each Church and State, will aid the cause
With sober men, and righteous laws.
With wealth and peace—the land is free,
The liquor trade has ceased to be.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

I. THOU shalt love total abstinence and Prohibition, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, because they are in harmony with the commandments given by the Almighty, the enlightened judgment of mankind, and the teachings of the Bible, that declares a woe to the wine-bibber.

II. Thou shalt declare the liquor traffic the greatest curse that ever afflicted our suffering race.

III. Thou shalt declare the distiller, the brewer, the saloon-keeper, equal to, if not worse than, a highway robber or midnight assassin.

IV. Thou shalt declare the liquor license system a covenant with death and agreement with hell.

V. Thou shalt place Prohibition upon the statute books of all the States and the nation.

VI. Thou shalt declare Prohibition to be the only legal method that can suppress the liquor traffic—a traffic that hurries its thousands to a pauper's burial and a drunkard's hell.

VII. Thou shalt declare a belief in Prohibition to be one of the tests of Christian discipleship—the same as honesty and purity are tests.

VIII. Thou shalt withdraw the hand of church fellowship from all who engage in the liquor business or who advocate having it licensed—the church cannot excuse such moral stupidity and such Christian insensibility.

IX. Thou shalt regard the member of a legislative body who votes to legalize the liquor saloon traffic—a traffic that manufactures drunkards, paupers, and criminals—as dishonest—he has no moral or constitutional right to violate the organic law of the land.

X. Thou shalt have great confidence in the Christian church—"when right with God," its power is unlimited. All hail the near approach of its being developed, when its twenty million church members will sweep the liquor traffic out of existence.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHURCHES,

TO SECURE RIGHTEOUS LEGISLATION FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

Read before a large audience at Tremont Temple, Boston, Aug. 1898.

BUT one moment more, and my duty is done;
I'd talk to the Church like a sire to a son:
Dear Brothers and Sisters, spread on the war-paint,
Each work like a hero and pray like a saint.

The Church of our God, a part of its mission
Is to preach and pray for Prohibition.
Jehovah's laid down the rule and the rod,
That "no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of God."

That Christian's mean and spuriously made,
Who'd license this demon Alcohol trade;
Where crime is engendered, ruin made sure,
The young become reckless, the old become poor.

Where the will becomes lost beyond all control,
A demoralized stomach, a sin-debauched soul ;
A wreck of a body, the stoppage of breath,
A terrible life, a premature death.

License Christian's moral optics, oh, how obscure !
Almost beyond the reach of a radical cure.
A soul so benumbed needs oceans of grace,
To cleanse its black heart, its guilt to efface.

The Church must crush out this villainous trade,
Where drunkards are formed, paupers are made.
No quarters to this murderous, merciless foe,
Source of great sorrow and unending woe.

She must strive and pray for this grand reform,
Cheer on the work in sunshine and storm ;
The stupid enlighten, the vicious restrain,
The indifferent arouse, the erring reclaim.

All traitors rebuke, the faithful inspire,
With a holy zeal and God-like desire ;
Create such a thinking, intense commotion
As to shake our broad land from ocean to ocean.

The prayers of Christians will surely prevail
Bring on a breeze, a cyclonic gale;
Sweep o'er the land from farthest shore,
Our nation reclaim, our country restore.

States and nations will then be impressed:
Prohibition's wise, prohibition's best;
Amended constitutions, laws to prohibit
The sale as a beverage of all ardent spirit.

All fall into line, cities near and remote,
Sustain wholesome laws, by prayer and by vote;
With our flag a-flying, banner unfurled,
We clasp the arm that encircles the world.

Thank God for the progress Kansas has made
In doing away with this demon-like trade;
Saloonists are frightened, and haste to retire,
Our cause is spreading like a prairie on fire.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Suggested by viewing, some years ago, near Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., the remains of young James McElhany, who had been executed that day for killing his wife, while on a drunken spree, some months before.

WHO did the deed? the awful crime,
Was he alone to blame?
Who caused the fatal shot to
Go crashing through the brain?

Twas madd'ning drink fired the brain,
With wild chaotic craze.
'Twas this that sent the pistol shot—
The mind was in a daze.

But who! alas, was most to blame?
Many must take a share,
For God alone can measure guilt
That drive men to despair.

Distillers were the first in guilt,
'Twas cruel heartless greed
For them to make a poison drink
To make the nation bleed.

The brewers joined the robber plan
To ruin young and old.
The dealer caused distressing grief
That never can be told.

The drinkers were a stupid set,
To buy for beverage use
A drink that kills—for such an act
There can be no excuse.

And voters oft were selfish men,
Nor cared for woes of drink.
Were so intent in getting rich
They did not stop to think.

Men not a few, in halls of state,
Were slaves to drinks control.
They joind the license plan to wreck
The never dying soul.

Governors and legislators oft
Dishonest—oath ignored.
They legalized the drunkard's drink,
What good men all deplored.

Judges oft were erring men,
And many not sincere,
Gave adverse views on righteous law,
That Christian men revere.

The clergy, they were fast asleep—
Exceptions here and there—
They did not try to drink suppress,
Nor plead in earnest prayer

For prohibition to prevail
From land to land, shore to shore,
Did not ask for righteous law,
Nor help divine implore.

License men crept in the church,
Great harm, alas ! was done ;
Many were false to our fathers' God,
To His beloved Son.

The Church, alas ! forgot its God.
The leaders joined the plan
To license men to drunkards make,
And kill immortal man.

How deep the guilt, how vile the act,
For men to liquor sell.
A righteous God, will deal with those
Who make on earth a hell.

The Church with God-like power broke loose
From drink's despotic sway ;
No more would yield to sin and vice
Nor vicious men obey.

With love to God, and love to man,
All plead in earnest prayer,
And prohibition gain the day,
With a million votes to spare.

Rum-soaked parties grew very sick,
And with consumption died,
Heaven gave the land enormous crops;
All had their wants supplied.

Improvements vast, problems solved,
Inventive wonders grew,
Each gave strong drink a parting shot
And bid the wretch adieu.

And plenty smiled, wealth increased
Many a thousand-fold,
The Gospel was held in high esteem,
Above the price of gold.

PROHIBITION

IS RIGHT, A GREAT BLESSING, AND A GRAND SUCCESS.

LICENSE

IS WRONG, A GREAT CURSE, AND DISMAL FAILURE.

PILGRIM FATHERS.

SHOULD days of pilgrims be forgot
When no luxuries were used,
When wives worked very hard
And could not be excused.

When crops were often very short,
And comforts few were found,
And not a single stove was seen
In all the country round.

Inhabitants were very few—
A cabin here and there,
Rudely built on a pleasant mound
That now's a city square.

Such pinching want was felt
By those to affluence born;
Reduced alone to clams and fish
And a single ear of corn.

And then a dreadful savage foe,
Relentless and severe,

Lurking behind rock, bush or tree,
Or other spot quite near.

Should e'er such gloomy times return,
Such long, such dismal years,
Who could stay the wife's sad grief
Or dry her flowing tears?

As we compare those dismal years
How very strange they seem
To us, whose labors are performed
By magic aid of steam.

A wondrous change has come.
Inventive skill is seen.
Labor now is very light,
With pleasure mix'd between.

By it we ride, weave, cook and plant
Farm it now with ease;
Navigate the starry skies
And plow the stormy seas.

Pierce mountains rocky through,
Lay ocean's bed with fire,
Dig coal down deep in mother earth
To furnish us with fire.

O wondrous inventive skill
To nature's face transform,

Guide lightning from the skies
And safely ride the storm.

To God our thanks are due.
He gave to man the power
To have the labors of a week
Accomplished in an hour.

Then let us all obedient prove.
More wonders shall we see.
Improved ways to till the soil
And navigate the sea.

No arid waste. Scientific skill
Will triumph o'er the land,
Make smiling verdure grow
On blinding heaps of sand.

No dismal swamps, nor barren wastes,
Nor desolating gloom,
But hills and mountain slopes
With constant verdure bloom.

LINES ON THE REMOVAL OF A DEPOT AT WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

How do the busy Palmer men
Improve each shining hour,
And gather all the names they can
With all their monied power,

To move the Depot far away,
A thousand feet or so,
Reduce the value of our homes
And make us farther go.

'Mid chilling wind, hail, and sleet,
And winter's drifting snow,
With summer's vivid lightning's flash
When rain in torrents flow.

At morn, at night, in shine and storm
With seasons annual round,
Alas! this dreadful added length
Will many miles be found.

In haste we travel for the cars
To find ourselves too late.
Our feelings at this cruel move
We dare not here relate.

To build the needed streets, will make
Us all more taxes pay :
Alas ! the horrors of these acts
No language can convey.

To remove the well-known shop, where
Leather now is tanned,
Build new streets at town's expense is
Why the scheme is planned.

To raise the value of their land
They do a fearful wrong,
Break the glorious golden rule
And mingled grief prolong.

How skilfully they work away,
The cars and village scour,
Deceiving many with a plan, like
Two and three make four.

But their soft words will not deceive
The voters of the town
Already they've a protest made,
Cast on the scheme a frown.

Misguided friends, soon may you feel
How wicked you have been,
To disregard the golden rule
Committing such a sin.

To give offense is not our wish
But still we must speak plain;
To wound the feelings of a friend
Would give us inward pain.

Admonished by these lines, lay
Them not too much at heart,
But just repent, with grief sincere
And from the scheme depart.

In Christian wish, we now behold
These men confess their guilt,
Declare—Depots on such a lot
Shall never now be built.

The war is o'er, shout Palmer men,
For happy you will be.
Each face will wear a smiling look
Because of inward glee.

Peace will reign, delightful sound,
Harmonious to the ear.
No angry strife town meeting days
Will in our halls appear.

Then will the wealthy Palmer men
Improve each shining hour,
By doing all the good they can
With all their monied power.

By building streets and cottage homes,
And costly dwellings fine.
With trees and hedge, a flowering shrub,
In harmony combine.

To gentle offices of love,
Their feet will not be slow ,
Shouting farewell, a long farewell,
Poor Palmer lot Depot.

THE TEA PLANT.

A FABLE.

It now appears two thousand years
Since Darmar, Koolooge's son,
With pleasing speech, began to teach
To all that were undone:

No flesh or meat should any eat,
Nor ever close their eyes,
For if they did, the gods forbid
Their passage to the skies.

For many years, 'mid sighs and tears,
His faith he zealous kept;
The drowsy god, it made him nod,
When, O! alas, he slept.

When he awoke, his vow was broke,
And horror fill'd his mind:
"My friends," said he, "I'd rather be
Among the dead or blind."

His eyes they shut, his lids were cut
And fell upon the ground.
On the next morn they grew like corn.
Thus was the tea plant found.

Each winker grew, 'twas fun to view
Them spread from field to field;
The crops they sold for solid gold
And gave a splendid yield.

O wondrous plant, for thee I pant,
Thou solace of my days!
How can I speak thy matchless worth,
Or half describe thy praise.

'Tis always fraught with cheering thought,
It cheers the drooping mind,
Clasps continents in loving peace,
And lasting friendships bind.

It sweetly cheers declining years,
Allays corroding care,
Gives kind relief to keenest grief,
And drives away despair.

A BARD'S ANNIVERSARY.

"KICKAPOO" Mr. A. MCNAB, writer and poet of Marshall County, Kansas.

HAIL! Scotia's Bard, now fifty-three,
A cheerful note is due from me.
To sing of skill how few possess,
A country charm, a nation bless.

Oh, wondrous gift, in language terse
Weave richest thought in pleasing verse.
Delightful prose, concise and clear,
Provoke a smile, and draw a tear.

Just merit is oft denied
By stupid men with envious pride,
For logic strong, style not severe,
Who can excel our Scottish seer?

In youth he left his native glen
For busy scenes of busy men.
Crossed the sea, the bounding main
To wealth secure, a fortune gain.

Not his are stocks nor costly ore,
Nor piles of wealth, laid by in store ;
But ampler wealth—a well-stored mind
To charm the world, and bless mankind.

Kickapoo, may your declining years
Be free from pain, free from tears.
Wealth pour in a perfect flood
And reap great joy in doing good.

And when your work is fully done,
No more you view yon shining sun,
May you to heavenly mansions soar,
In endless bliss dwell evermore.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

SHOULD days of Wakefield be forgot
South Reading brought to mind?
We'll celebrate a wedding day,
And pleasure from it find.

Shall we forget the couple dear
Who fifty years to-day
Just locked their hearts in early love
Then threw the key away?

Shall we forget the lock was strong?
No foe its bolts could break,
Nor envious, malignant tongue
The least impression make.

Shall we forget this lock so old
Is just as good as new,
To brave life's dark and stormy sea,
And cheer its passage through?

Shall we forget this magic lock
To loving couples given?

'Tis unsurpassed by ties of earth
'Twas made, 'tis said, in heaven.

Shall we forget the happy group,
Assembled round the fire,
Where age joined youth in merry glee,
The children and the sire?

Shall we forget the archer came,
Three forms were laid away,
'Mid sorrows deepest, keenest grief
Since fifty years to-day?

We'll not forget our father's God,
Nor all the wonders done,
The triumphs over time and space
Battles fought, victories won.

Should anniversaries be forgot
The Tufts's brought to mind;
All join this harmless, jovial song,
And leave your cares behind.

A SONG TO THE MOSQUITO.

Dedicated to the bitten sufferers throughout North America and the Islands of the Sea.

WITH keen delight the skeeters bite,
And sting our tender flesh ;
Present their bills, their stomachs fill,
And bleed us all afresh.

They quickly light, and savage bite
Our face, our ears, our nose ;
While we in turn, with anger burn,
And deal them deadly blows.

Now lots are slain, but hosts remain,
And in brigades unite ;
Swift on the wing, they waltz and sing,
Through all the hours of night ;

They bite dear girls, with auburn curls
And those, not young in years ;
Retard the joys, of little boys,
And fill their eyes with tears.

In starving rage, forget old age,
And all endearing ties ;
On blood they feed with awful greed,
And gather up supplies.

Pestiferous birds, we fail in words
To state what we desire ;
Oh, quickly pack your old grip sack,
To colder climes retire.

No concerts then, to plague old men,
Perplexing cares forsake ;
No racket,—noise, to mar our joys,
Nor keep young men awake.

I WILL GO WEST.

Oh! times are tough, amazing rough,
Expenses are alarming,
I will go West, its far the best,
And try my luck at farming.

For the idea of staying here,
To only earn your gruel,
Makes me feel sad, and sometimes mad,
It's so awful cruel.

Goods are so high, I heave a sigh;
Oh! 'tis patience trying.
My loving wife, she sees the strife,
And has a spell of crying.

Now there's my boys, my chiefest joys,
To have them in the city,
Amid the harm, gives me alarm,
And I ache with pity.

And there's my girls, with auburn curls,
May be slaves to fashion,

And lay such stress, on how to dress,
Become a ruling passion.

Oh ! this is tough, why it's enough
To set a man crazy.
I'm not insane, nor yet to blame,
Nor am I lazy.

I've often heard a cheering word,
From those who westward wended,
They've built a town, gained renown,
In peace their days were ended.

This honest toil on prairie soil
Is really charming,
None come to grief, its great relief,
To have success in farming.

Oh, it's no use I've stood abuse,
I'll go with my dear Mary,
Settle down in a western town—
Farm it on the prairie.

My barn's replete with corn and wheat
And lots of milk and butter.
'Twould be a shame to here complain,
Or to a murmur utter.

Thus well start, with a cheerful heart
Nor fear our journey hinders,

For we don't care a single hair
For smoke or flying cinders.

On end of car, we'll shout hurrah,
Farewell to friend and neighbor.
We are going where there's bread to spare,
Easy time of labor.

KATURAH BROWN.

KATURAH BROWN was awful nice,
Exact in all her ways;
For making pies she won the prize,
And well deserved the praise.

Her bread was choice, her cake was fine,
Her pies, how nice the crust!
But her strong hold, it must be told,
Was kicking up a dust.

Now Mrs. Brown was very neat,
But oh! the mental strain,—
For she was worked almost to death,
With housework on the brain.

She raised the windows very high
To let the breeze come in.
For dust and dirt to go sailing out,
To join the hosts of sin.

With duster, broom, cloth, soap, and suds,
The rooms cleaned o'er and o'er,

The work so hard, with nerves unstrung
By sweeping up the floor.

Carpets, rugs, on the line, beat and shook
The house made clean and sweet,
She would say in a rasping way,
"Ezekiel, wipe your feet."

This grated much on Ezekiel's ears,
A cross he had to bear.
For Katurah was a foe to dirt
And loaded down with care.

He sighed for peace, death, divorce,
Alas! what could he do?
Afraid to cut life's brittle thread,
And bid the world adieu.

Vexed; but no wrong would he perform
'Twould mar his Christian hope.
He would not leave Katurah dear,
Nor with some girl elope.

Godliness with content is gain,
And neatness should abound;
Katurah had broom on the brain,
And ran it in the ground.

To be clad in white was her desire
Enter the pearly gates,

Be free from sin, dust and dirt,
What she so dearly hates.

She loathed the dirt, but loved the work.
The broom was her delight.
In heaven what will Katurah do?
No broom nor dust in sight.

In that pure land of heavenly joys
There'll be no moth nor rust,
Naught to disturb the heavenly ways—
No broom, nor dirt, nor dust.

Now shun Katurah's sad mistake,
And take this kind advice:
Don't work too hard, it never pays
To be too awful, awful nice.

MATED.

A SINGLE gentleman, an exile from home,
Said to himself, Why should I roam?
Why live apart, far, far away?
The laws of my being refuse to obey?

It's singular, that I should be single
Refuse in society of loved ones to mingle.
Each bird is sure to have its dear mate;
I'll no longer delay, no longer will wait.

But take a nice "Rib," a dear loving bride,
Life's sorrows to share, its pleasures divide.
Now mated, I will no longer roam,
But take the joys of a well-furnished home.

WILLIAM.

Now William was a worthy young man,
Squared his life by an excellent plan.
Industrious, honest, a richly stored mind,
Absence from liquor, by cultured refined;

His garments look'd fine, as he traveled along;
None neater was seen in the gay, giddy throng;
With a nice trade, extra good pay,
Enough for comfort, 'mid life's rainy day.

But William was unhappy—lived all alone;
No spot could he call his sweet loving home,
Until he got a companion, built him a house,
Just as neat as a pin, and snug as a mouse.

THE MARRIAGE OF CHARLES.

"CHARLES, why not get married, my son?
You are old enough now,
To think of a snug little home
And a dear loving frau.

"How pleasant to have a sweet home,
Goods from a grocery store,
Furniture placed in each room,
Carpets laid on the floor.

"Procrastination is a thief
Of opportunity, my son,
I see by the old family Bible,
You are past twenty-one."

"Father, I wish to rove round,
And to live at my ease,
To care for no one in the wide world,
And just do as I please.

"I wish to have freedom to live
The life of an old bach,
To have friends enter my room
By just lifting the latch."

"But, Charles, you must remember,
Good matches quite early are made.
They that put off this affair, oft
Take a crusty old maid."

"Well, father, times are quite hard,
You wouldn't have me be rash.
You know business is quite dull,
There's a scarcity of cash."

"But, my son, you have a good trade,
'Twill sure bring you the cash.
I see no reason or sense
For calling the step rash.

"Then a companion—I saw you
With sweet Nellie Baker.
Oh Charles, she's a dear, loving soul
Be persuaded—just take her.

"She's affectionate, kind and gentle,
Will do as you wish,
Play on the piano, mend all your
Clothes, and fry all your fish."

"I'm thinking—thinking—thinking,
Change will be very nice.
Father, I will take dear Nellie,
Heed your loving advice.

"Then away with all anxiety
We'll borrow no trouble.
Marriage divides hardship in two,
Makes joys more than double."

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS,—Columbus.
We admire his career,
We honor his worth,
His virtues revere.

'Mid storm and commotion
He stemmed the dark tide,
To treasures secure,
And comforts provide.

He found a vast empire,
Enormous in size,
So ample in wealth as
To nations surprise.

It now teems with millions,
With hearts true and brave;
No room for a serf nor
The tread of a slave.

None for oppression, nor
That man-killing-trade

Where drunkards are formed
And paupers are made.

Enriched by religion with
Its treasures untold,
'Twill vices remove,
Great virtues unfold.

Heaven's blessings for all,
And comforts increase.
The day of inventions,
They never will cease.

Oh! America, its grandeur
We fail to rehearse,
In smooth-running prose,
Or rich-flowing verse.

Enlightened by science,
By religion made pure,
With a God-serving people,
'Twill for ages endure.

L. of C.

COLUMBUS EXPOSITION AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

WHO'D have us write in language terse,
In pleasing prose, and cheerful verse
On Columbus "The Fair," and then rehearse
the same in book form?
Many readers in America

Who read navigation with his son,
Studied hard when work was done
His fame and fortune here begun?
Christopher Columbus.

Who taught Columbus how to steer
When days were dark and nights were clear
To shun the rocks, when they were near?
Columbus's father-in-law. Good thing to have
a good father-in-law.

Who had a desire and long to see,
Lands beyond the deep blue sea?
To found an empire vast and free?
The bold navigator of Genoa.

Who was unknown and quite obscure
Was out of funds, and very poor,
Found it hard to prompt secure
aid to cross the bounding billow, and deep blue sea in search of a continent?
Columbus, the wool-comber's son.

Who applied and applied in vain,
To Ferdinand the King of Spain,
For ships to cross the raging main?
Columbus.

Who was treated very mean,
By all except the royal Queen,
Who came upon the exciting scene,
In time to give Columbus seventy dollars in money, enough to buy a mule, and a suit of clothes, to appear at the Castilian Court, and afterwards $20,000 to equip three small ships for the perilous voyage.

Who bid farewell, the hoisted sail,
To catch the breeze, outride the gale,
In ships, alas! so very frail
That the sailors feared that they would go to the bottom of the sea and furnish meals for sharks, whales and other denizens of the briny deep?
Columbus.

Who steered for the unknown shore,
To wealth secure, and lands explore,
To treasures find in richest ore?
Columbus, that he might compensate his beloved Queen Isabella, for the mule, and clothing and large cash donation.

Who viewed from the vessel's mast
The long-wished-for land at last;
Then rejoiced at dangers past?
One of the crew of the Pinta.

Who saw the flowers—the pleasing view—
From vernal bloom to richest hue,
From purest white to deepest blue?
Columbus at his first landing, where the exhalation of the sea clothes the vine-clad hills with perennial verdure.

Who found the natives somewhat rude,
With clothing scant, and nearly nude?
(Mc Alester would such exclude
from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia refined circles.)
Columbus.

Who said Columbus went on a bust,
Was a writer poor, none could trust,
Took to drink to wash down the dust
that had accumulated in his throat?

Mark Twain, author of Innocents Abroad, and slanderer of Columbus, the bold the navigator.

Who told a fib, in fact he lied,
Columbus was brave, true, and tried,
With truth and honor well supplied?

Mark Twain the base fabricator. Columbus was no such man, For on the shores of Saint Salvador he offered prayer to God for providentially saving him and his crew from the perils of the deep blue sea.

Who built the world's colossal Fair,
Of bewildering size, exhibits rare,
that made the people gaze and stare
at such marvelous magnificence?

A syndicate, with the aid of Congress and the city government of Chicago.

Who built great blocks, towering high
To kiss the clouds, and pierce the sky
That would all other lands outvie?

The wealthy citizens of Chicago.

Whose mind was stirr'd, all on fire,
With miser grip—a strong desire
To millions make, and then retire
to shades of private life?

The speculator, who bought farms twenty miles out, sliced them into house lots, and tried to unload to visitors—but often got left.

Who tried to make enormous pile
To live at ease—in royal style,
To never frown, but always smile
at their guests, who came to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus?
The hotel keepers.

Who rode in Pullman Palace cars,
Saw at night the twinkling stars,
Talked of love, while viewing Mars,
and other heavenly bodies, that roll through the immensity of space?
Some loving couples on their way to Chi ca-go.

Who tried to cut an awful dash,
Spent their funds, brought on a crash
Caused their wealth to go smash
by extravagance?
Some of the visitors to the World's Fair

Who could ill afford to be so rash,
Lose their time, and surplus cash,
And then curtail on cheapest hash

to make up the difference?
Some of the visitors to Chicago.

Who said the Fair was a grand success,
And sure to cheer, and sure to bless,
Improvements make, and burdens less
to the people by more active thinking in art, science, and improved machines to release labor of its hardship, and toil of its severity?
Many thoughtful persons.

Who admired the Columbian Fair
With all its sights, so rich and rare,
The past and present to compare?
So that all could see the vast difference between the Columbus frail ships of about one hundred tons burden, and their sixty-eight days' passage across the ocean, and the fleet ocean-bound steamers of the present day, whose tonnage is about fifty thousand tons and their passage across the Atlantic is not far from five days six hours, thirty-six minutes and four seconds, also the ox-team of two miles an hour in comparison to the ponderous locomotive that skips over the country at less than a mile a minute?
The enterprising citizen.

SHOE DEALER'S SONG.

Store near Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass.

WE now invite, with much delight,
You to our Boots and Shoes,
We've every kind to suit the mind,
And drive away the blues.

We've calf and kip, that will not rip,
And extra patent leather ;
They always shine, while looking fine,
In every kind of weather.

Protect your feet from summer's heat,
And winter's piercing cold,
For losses here are more severe
Than loss of finest gold.

By selling cheap, we try to reap,
A large amount of trade.
The profits small, but gathered all,
A little sum is made.

Now let us guide where you'll provide
Yourself at prices low,

At 48 North Market Street
Corner of Merchants' Row.

Increase the joys, of us twin boys,
And with us make a trade;
The goods are strong, will wear so long,
You'll like the purchase made.

OUR HONORED SIRES.

SHALL we, the sons of honored sires,
The days of yore review,
Draw inspiration from the past,
And bid dull care adieu?

Oh ! yes, we prize our honored sires,
Who a hundred years and more,
Conquered a haughty British foe
In good old days of yore.

We love the rich historic page,
For all its wealth of cheer,
Its battles fought, its victories won,
Its ride of "Paul Revere."

Our suffering sires struggled hard,
To form a nation free,
Then stretched along a rock-bound coast,
It's now from-sea to sea

An empire vast—colossal size :
All wants are here supplied,

And wealth responds to honest toil,
Nor can it be denied.

Our fathers fired the timely shot,
It echoed round the world;
Our flag now floats on every sea,
'Twill always be unfurled.

Inventive skill now hastens on
To wonders great perform,
Sheds its blessings on the homes,
Relief from every storm;

Nor slave nor serf shall till our soil,
Strong drink will be no more;
Such happiness will then abound,
As never seen before.

As sons we'll thank our fathers' God,
Prize our sires more and more,
For noble deeds, so well performed,
In good old days of yore.

THRICE WELCOME TO KANSAS.

THRICE welcome to Kansas,
The pride of the west,
Where the drowsy grow active,
The weary find rest.

Where the soil is so rich
The harvest is sure.
Just tickle the surface,
Good crops you'll secure.

The land is so mellow,
It works like a charm.
Then come to rich Kansas
And buy you a farm.

The harvest is plenteous,
The laborers are few;
Strike out on the prairie,
And put the plow through.

Or dwell in the city,
Select a nice lot,

Erect a fine mansion
Or snug little cot.

We've everything good for
Poor mortals to eat,
From nice flavored fruit to
Most excellent meat.

We've nice mills for clothing,
And fine flour to feed,
An abundance of corn,
What else do we need?

Our people enlightened,
By science refined,
To the pleasures of art
Are greatly inclined.

Our churches all differ,
Yet kindly agree,
Distinct like the billow
But one like the sea.

Evangelical truth
Is ably proclaimed,
Great sorrows averted,
And paradise gained.

Our schools we all cherish
With innocent pride,

No man could think more of
His sweet, loving bride.

We've no legalized saloons,
Nor other vile den ;
Our State is the abode
Of God-fearing men.

How vast are the riches
Just hid 'neath our soil :
Its coal, lead, zinc and salt
And rivers of oil.

" Stranger," these lines should you
Incidentally read,
Then start for Kansas
With all possible speed.

To our Sunflower State
Come ; Pride of the West,
Where the drowsy grow active,
The weary find rest.

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